

Scio. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.

Scio. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,
Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To vnbuilt the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scio. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Mene. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scio. This deserues Death.

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,
Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,

Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present Death.

Scio. Therefore lay hold of him:

Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Brut. *Adiles* seize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, beseech you Tribunes,
heare me but a word.

Adiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redresse.

Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,

That seeme like prudent helpees, are very poysonous,

Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,

And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. draws his Sword.*

Corio. No, he die here:

There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,

Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue scene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe
him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

*In this Martinie, the Tribunes, the Adiles, and the
People are beat in.*

Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2. Sena. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid:

I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,

Leaue vs to cure this Cause.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,

You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, beseech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,

Though calu'd i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of
them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone:

He trie whether my old Wit be in request
With those that haue but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

*Exeunt Coriolanus and
Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:

He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,

Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:

What his Breth forges, that his Tongue must vent,

And being angry, does forget that euer

He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*

Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,

That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himselfe?

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,

And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall

Then the severity of the publike Power,

Which he so sets at naught.

1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are

The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure ont.

Mene. Sir, sir, *Sicin.* Peace.

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe

To make this rescue?

Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know

The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consull? what Consull?

Mene. The Consull *Coriolanus*.

Brut. He Consull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,

And yours good people,

I may be heard, I would craue a word ortwo,

The which shall turne you to no further harme,

Then so much losse of time.

Sic. Speake breefely then,

For we are peremptory to dispatch

This Viperous Traitor: to elect him hence

Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere

Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,

He dyes to night.

Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd

In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam

Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Mene. On he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease

Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.

What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?

Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost

(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath

By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:

And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,

Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it

A brand to th' end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane kamme.

Brut. Meerely awry:

When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.

Mene. The seruice of the foote

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was.

Brut. Wee'l heare no more:

Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,

Least his infection being of catching nature,

Spred further.

Mene. One word more, one word:

This Tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

The harme of vnsan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)

Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proesse,

Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,

And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye talke?

Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?

Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres

Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd

In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together

He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,

He go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,

Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forne

(In peace) to his vnmortall perill.

1. Sen. Noble Tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course

Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,

Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:

Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:

Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede

In our first way.

Mene. He bring him to you.

Let me desire your company: he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me

Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,

Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocks,

That the precipitation might downe stretch

Below the beame of fight; yet will I still

Be thus to them.

Enter Volumentia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corio. I muse y Mother

Do's not approue me further, who was wont

To call them Wollen Vassiles, things created

To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads

In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance flood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Volunt. Oh sir, sir, sir,

I would haue had you put your power well on

Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,

With struing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin

The things of your dispositions, if

You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd

Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volunt. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Mene. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, something

too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,

Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie

Cleauie in the midd'l't, and perish.

Volunt. Pray be counsaill'd;

I haue a heart as little apt as yours,

But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger

To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to th' heart, but that

The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Physicke

For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,

Which I can scarcely beare.

Corio. What must I do?

Mene. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,

Must I then doo't to them?

Volunt. You are too absolute,

Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,

But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,

Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends,

I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me

In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose,

That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush.

Mene. A good demand.

Volunt. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme

The same you are not, which for your best ends

You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse

That it shall hold Companionship in Peace

With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both

It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volunt. Because, that

Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people:

Not by your owne instruction, nor by th' matter

Which your heart prompts you, but with such words

That are but roared in your Tongue;

Though but Bastards, and Syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.

Now, this no more dishonors you at all,

Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune, and

The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my Nature, where

My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd

I should do so in Honor. I am in this

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Your